WHAT'S WRONG WITH EDITORS, BY RUFUS M. JONES

The Saturday Review of Literature

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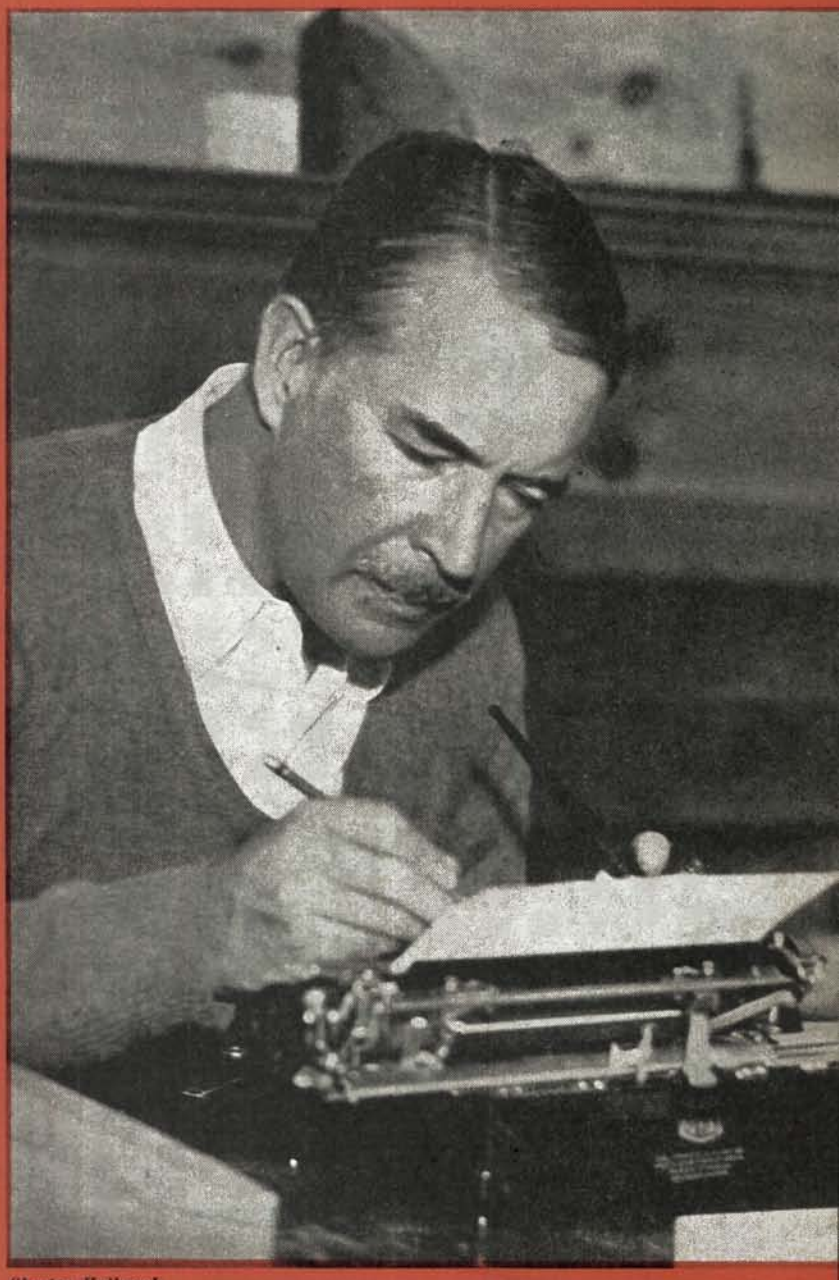

Chester Holbrook

JOHN P. MARQUAND's new book is discussed by Mr. & Mrs. George Apley with Howard Mumford Jones dispensing the condiments . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What's Wrong with Editors

RUFUS M. JONES

DEAR EDITOR:

Free a moment? Swell. Because I want to have a chat with you. No, there's no manuscript up my sleeve. I just want to discuss a few of the things you do which make life a trial, and sometimes a burden, to the people who write for you. I'd like to save them some of the headaches, heartaches, and futile rage which you are able to cause those over whom you hold the power of literary life and death. I'd like also to help you get the most out of those who, while serving their own interests, are devoted to yours. Even a writer will respond to kindness.

Don't get the idea I'm a sorehead working out a grudge. Yes, I'm a writer; because I have earned over $1,000 with my portable, I suppose you might call me a professional writer. My ratio of acceptances to material submitted is good. I'm not "misunderstood."

So let's pretend that you are just one editor, the composite of all editors; I'm now sitting across the desk from you outlining the reaction of an average writer to some of your bad habits. The notion of my telling you anything is so unorthodox that you may be startled into listening. Not all I have to say applies to all editors, but quite a few of you may well pause and consider a spot of Reform. Let's get specific with illustrations. I'll divide my objections into two groups, those arising before acceptance, those arising after acceptance.

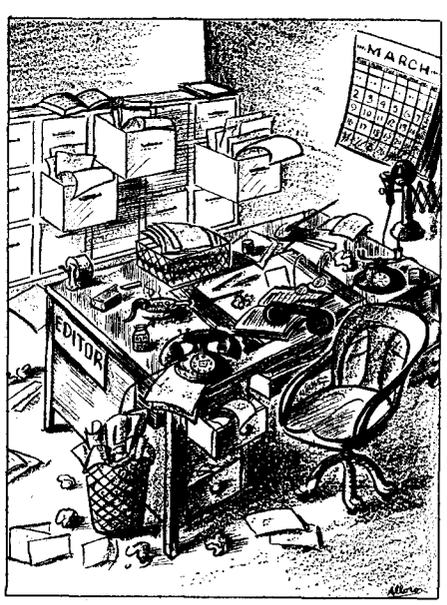
Suppose we start off with a sample of one of the smellier editorial abuses of the writer. You are now an associate editor of a popular nickel weekly. You have written me an engaging little note addressed in care of another magazine which has recently published an article of mine. It reads:

> Dear Mr. Jones:
> If you are in New York in the near future, won't you give me a ring? There is something I should like to discuss with you.
> Yours sincerely,

To appear in your magazine would be a pretty feather in my professional bonnet. With hope of glory, I make an appointment with you. You do not keep the appointment, but your secretary tells me that you were much interested in this article of mine in another magazine; would I like to try out for you on the same subject? I know the subject thoroughly and write in all five versions of it. You like none of them. Why? Don't you like the style? Is the angle wrong? You don't discuss your reasons.

Admit now that you never felt more than a slight flurry of enthusiasm for the subject on which you invited me to write; your interest, like a vacation romance, died almost as quickly as it was born. Or, if interested, you expected a MS to be born full-blown like Venus and perfectly matched to your undefined desires. So you chalked up another victim of an editorial whim. You trifled with my ambitions, at no cost to you, at great expense to me.

I BECAME cynical only after my second affair. Again I received one of your typical editorial invitations, written in veiled language carefully absolving you of any obligation to accept or even be interested in the material when submitted. Again I was sucked in. And again I found that "coöperation" is a one-way word among many editors.



In your frenzy to "give the Public what it wants," many of you editors are inclined to be arbitrary and irresponsible in your treatment of writers. This is the polite way of putting it. You would not think of telling a tailor that you much admire the suit he made for your neighbor, and will he please run one up for you on the chance you might like to buy it. Yet you do not hesitate to suggest that I tailor a manuscript for you without any guarantee of payment to cover even cost of time and materials. Perhaps more writers ought to be tailors.

Now, unless from my own experience I know you to be scrupulous, I will not act on a "lead" from an editor without first insisting on a minimum fee to be paid whether or not the finished MS is accepted. By the very fact of approaching me, you confess confidence in my ability and should be willing to pay for it. If you do not agree to a minimum fee, then at least I shall not have sacrificed my time and effort to what often proves to be an evanescent editorial fancy born of a blue pencil and a yellow scratch pad.

I should like now to invite your conscience to consider a second, though less callous abuse of the writer, of which many editors are guilty. This is your failure to make prompt decisions with regard to MS submitted to you on the author's own initiative. While a manuscript is in your hands, the author cannot ethically, or for fear of editorial blacklisting, submit it to another editor. Yet often an article, or even a piece of fiction, is so geared to present circumstances that delay in getting it placed may make it valueless. If not valueless, to be salvaged it must be rewritten. This is particularly true now when "things happen so fast." You, as editor of another nickel weekly, may take as long as three months to say Yes or No to a manuscript. Two months' delay is frequent; a month's is common.

At best your delay forces upon the writer the necessity of composing delicate little notes suggesting that maybe his MS was lost in the mails when what he really means is, "Why the

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hell don't you set up an efficient system for reading and passing on material submitted to your magazine?" You answer that question. It will not be enough to say that you did not invite submission of the MS and that the writer cannot complain. The writer is the guy who puts words together; and without words you wouldn't have a magazine. If you don't care for his work, at least respect the trade upon which you depend; don't keep him waiting in the outer office when he might be calling on another prospect.

Now suppose we assume you have accepted a writer's work. Paradise for him has not yet been achieved; after acceptance as well as before you, as editor, are guilty of two or three bad habits which torture the author. One of these is the old custom of paying for the author's work "on publication." This practice may not be widespread, as you will no doubt protest; nevertheless many editors still cling to it, including some who report piously to authors' trade journals that their publications pay on acceptance.

In the run of businesses, terms are at most thirty days. If you like an article well enough to accept it, you should be willing to pay for it on acceptance. If you are not sold enough on it to pay cash down, then it isn't good enough for your magazine. Either that, or you are speculating with somebody else's stock in trade which you haven't bought even on margin. In one instance where you promised to pay fifty dollars for an article of mine on publication, by time of publication the circulation of your magazine had risen from 243,695 to 400,000; fifty dollars became a ridiculously low price, especially for an article you considered good enough to feature on a double-page two-color spread. I do not need to add that you stuck to the letter of our original agreement.

There is no reason in any case why an author should be made to help carry you financially until you are ready to use his work. Even magazines which are well-heeled financially are often well-"heeled" otherwise; their editors have all the instincts of a vendor of wooden nutmegs and believe it honorable to let writers wait for their pay although they, in their turn, have to pay for their groceries every week.

At the same time writers don't put words on paper simply for the money you pay them; in that case they would quickly find other work. Hopefully they look upon each piece of published work as one more stone in the mosaic which is to be their reputation, their bid for a small piece of immortality. They like the policy of payment on acceptance for a second reason that, having paid for a MS, you are more inclined to use it promptly, thereby saving the author a long delay in which he is denied the benefits which accrue to him from having his work published. The saving in mental agony also is appreciable. Cold-storage may be all right for meat but a writer is not in the meat business; during fourteen months' time, for example, he has good opportunity to agonize over the factors which may destroy the timeliness of a piece of writing and make its publication impossible.

But the value of no MS is so volatile, and with so little reason, as an editor's fancy. For the sake of the plaintiff's fourth argument, assume now that you are the associate editor of another leading nickel weekly. You have accepted two articles of mine in quick succession; you have paid me substantially more for the second article than for the first; you have played me up as a new writer for your magazine in newspaper ads; you have devoted some two columns in your notes on authors to me, my photo, and to readers' comments on my work; you have said nice things to me about my writing. After the first article you wrote, "The job you did on this leads us to believe you might do others." After the second, "Personally I feel we are going to have a lot of Jones . . . We are very much interested in your work, whether humorous or otherwise . . ."

It sounded like a beautiful friendship. Yet in the period of about a year after the publication of the second article, I submitted to you no fewer than a score of ideas and finished MSS. You hastily rejected them all with as much interest and consideration as if I had come to you cold. Which was your right, of course; all twenty may have smelled, though my batting average is better than that. The point is that after having so very publicly "discovered" a new writer, you were never able to live up to your suggestion that we get together at lunch some day to discuss ideas which might be acceptable to your magazine. If I was as good as you took pains to tell me, I was worth "development" from your point of view; I deserved it, from mine. For people who appreciate the value of pearls, you editors sometimes seem to give very little attention to pearl culture.

Certainly any writer may make incandescent objection to one "outlaw" practice of which the "I am the law" school of editors is guilty. Let's put the illustration before the moral.

You are now the editor of a magazine which claims its audience among smart young women. You have flattered me with your interest in a MS of mine. As is your privilege, you request changes. I do over the article,

(*Continued on page* 19)

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Think Fast, Mr. Marquand

H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 432 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

. . . and of course the truth is that George Apley just loves it. I don't mean the late George Apley, whose memoir was written back in 1937 by Mr. Willing at the suggestion of George Apley's son, John, but young George, the cousin of John Apley, who lives in Lincoln and who got up the petition about the modern houses that are being built out there. George is Harvard '17, two years younger than Henry Pulham's class, and even in his day the English department was recognizing authors later than Ruskin and Browning. In fact, young George says that the course in the modern novel that used to be given on Tuesdays and Thursdays in Emerson D was the only valuable thing he got out of his college education.

George read "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" when it came out serially in *McCall's* under the title of "Gone Tomorrow," and he and his wife, who is distantly related to Dr. Southby (he appears in the opening pages of "Wickford Point"), used to bring the magazine over once a month to our house and read parts of the story out loud and laugh over it. What they specially liked was Marquand's eye for the little, domestic things—the things that really kept Henry and Kay Pulham together at the end, after what might have been some pretty awful experiences. I mean, of course, things like the pilot-light of the gas stove always leaking, and their not being able to know who took Bitsey the dog out last or when, and that whole business about bringing the canned goods and the ice cream freezer back from the country in the rain when Henry almost finds out what is going on between his wife and his best friend.

While Elizabeth (that's my wife) and Grace (that's George's wife) got to arguing about the character of Marvin Myles, the New York girl with whom Henry Pulham was really in love, George and I sneaked into the study and had a drink. George got to talking about fiction and Marquand and "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" ("I don't like the title," he said, "it's the one false note in the book"), and I was surprised how much he'd remembered from his English 5 days. "Marquand is the Thackeray of our time," he said. "I don't mean he's as good as Thackeray, of course, but—well, he's got something that Thackeray had. And he's a little like Jane Austen, too."

"How do you mean, Jane Austen?" I said. The parts of "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" they'd read to me made me think a lot about Gluyas Williams's cartoons and what George had told me about the old days in the Signet Club.

"Well, I mean everything comes out all right in the end," he said. "Of course Marquand makes fun of us and the inhibitions that Boston bred into us and all that sort of thing—of course, I don't think he knows the *real* Boston or the younger generation in Boston, who are as keen and lively and aware of what's going on in the world as anybody in New York—but what I mean is —. Well, you take Henry Pulham now. He goes to New York and he falls in love with a slick New York girl and keeps on being in love with her long after he's married Kay Motford. And on her side Kay has this affair with Henry's best friend. What does it all add up to? Supposing they hadn't both backed out of it? We can't have—well, we can't have just anarchy. I know our family traditions strike people as being funny, but take the family out of the picture, and what have you got left, anyway? What would it all add up to? What I mean is a question of moral values. I mean, in a Jane Austen novel it's getting married and staying married that matters, just like it is in 'H. M. Pulham.' Sounds like a ship," he added.

"You take Thackeray," George went on. "I never could stand the sentimental stuff in 'Pendennis,' but still —a man feel's funny about an old love affair. He keeps coming back to it in his mind, the way Pendennis does about the Fotheringay. That's the way Henry Pulham feels about that New York girl, Marvin Myles. Hell of a name.—Of course Grace and I are happy enough, just the way Henry and Kay are in the book, but I sometimes wonder—I guess everybody's got a lost love somewhere in his life. Thackeray knew that. Marquand knows it, too.

My God, that man knows too much. Somebody ought to stop him."

"Why?" I said. I couldn't think of anything better to say.

"It would be just anarchy, that's all. Everybody sleeping with everybody else. Boston may be stuffy and running down—I don't like Marquand's unsympathetic attitude towards us just because we want to get rid of Roosevelt. Sometimes I hate his guts for making fun of us. And then sometimes I get to laughing so I forget about everything else. Grace and I nearly rolled on the floor reading those bits about progressive schools."

"Have a drink," I said.

"Parts of that book are so true it hurts," he went on. "I used to know a man just like Bo-jo Brown. Fellow in our class, only he came from Cleveland or some place way out there. He wasn't so much of a backslapper, but he was always organizing something for Harvard. I guess it hits you worse if you're a Harvard man out in Cleveland. You know what's one of the best things about that book?" he inquired irrelevantly.

"No."

"It's the way time marches on. I mean—well, you take Henry Pulham trying to do something for this Twenty-Fifth Reunion, and then you're back with him when he's a little boy, and then there's the funny stuff about the New York advertising agency, and Marvin Whatever-her-name-is, and the next thing you know, he's married to Kay and got a boy and girl of his own, and the whole damn thing starts over again. Makes me feel the way I feel at class day. I tell you it makes you think."

"What does it make you think?" I said.

"Hell—I don't know. About life, I guess. About the generations. About what's going to happen to civilization and Boston in the next ten years. About Harvard and marriage and sex and death and things like that. Of course Grace and I are happy enough, but there was a time— Well, anyway, I'm damn glad of one thing."

"Yeah?" I said.

"I'm so damn sick of hearing that the latest literary masterpiece has got the dustbowl in it or the WPA or a rape case I'd cheer for Marquand just because he's civilized. Civilized. Let him make fun of us. We can take it. He's one of us, only he won't admit it."

"What's his class?" I said.

"Harvard '15," he said. "They ought to give him an honorary degree."

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Inside Africa

BEHIND GOD'S BACK. By Negley Farson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 555 pp., with map. $3.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

IN the Spring of 1939, my wife and I landed at Lobito, Portuguese West Africa, otherwise known as Angola and one of the lesser-known regions on the map. One day we were camped along the Kunene River, which forms part of the frontier between Angola and Southwest Africa. An old Chevrolet came chugging through the camel's-thorn, acacias, and euphorbia and halted before our tent. A lanky South African introduced himself as a naturalist who had been collecting specimens in the nearby Kalahari desert. Later, over tea, he began to gossip about political and economic conditions in former German Southwest.

"By the way," he inquired suddenly, "do you know an American journalist named Negley Farson?"

I said that everybody knew Negley Farson.

The naturalist told us he had met Farson wandering around the former German colony and had liked him. He said that Negley had been writing a series of articles for the London *Daily Mail,* which the Nazi Germans didn't like because they exposed them; which the Africans didn't like because they failed to endorse their independence aspirations; which the British didn't like because they were critical of treatment of the blacks and inept South African rule.

That was our first point of vicarious contact with Negley Farson in Africa and I knew that with the Transgressor on the loose we should be hearing more interesting stories as we went along. We picked up his spoor in Rhodesia and learned about his trek through the Transvaal, where the Boers were irritated over his criticism of their Chauvinist activities, and the English thought he was too sympathetic toward the natives.

And so it went, up to the headwaters of the Nile, where our trails finally diverged. We came down the Nile and Negley and his wife, Eve, continued overland through the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, and the Cameroons, whence came word through the underground wireless that Negley was down with malaria and had narrowly escaped death in an earthquake which rocked the Gold Coast. However, thereafter I lost track of him until his book came for review.

"Behind God's Back" is in no sense a travelogue. It is a serious—and rather monumental—effort by a competent newspaper man to appraise conditions in certain sections of one of the world's most misunderstood regions—Africa, from five degrees north of the equator, south to the Cape of Good Hope. Farson went out to Africa originally to check up on Germany's former colonies, whose return Hitler was demanding a couple of years ago. He wanted to see how they were faring under British, South African, Belgian, and French rule and to what extent the insidious blight of Naziism had affected them. His investigations necessarily carried him farther afield and he turns his searchlight on the Dark Continent with such revealing effect that you really get a good picture of the importance of Africa, with its infinite potentialities, as well as the manifold problems of government, hampered by intrigue, ineptitude, and plain ignorance.

Pinchot

Negley Farson

You see how the octopus-like tentacles of Naziism stretched out into Africa and got an economic stranglehold on many decent German settlers who wanted only to be left in peace to work out their destinies, but as a consequence of economic mastery and threats were forced to do Berlin's bidding and constitute themselves a menace. You see how the British pamper natives in the mandated territories—where they regard themselves as trustees—and exploit them in regions under direct rule. You see how the realistic Belgians utilize the blacks, working them mercilessly but simultaneously improving their living conditions, because you can get more labor out of a healthy native than you can from a sick one. You see the effects of miscegenation and graft under French colonial rule.

And certainly, you gain a better understanding of the racial problem in South Africa, where the nationalist ambitions of the Boers jeopardize Britain's current war efforts in Africa.

You are forewarned that "Behind God's Back" "will seem to lack form and be full of paradoxes and contradictions." But, as Farson truly points out, so is Africa.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MUSICIANS IN LITERATURE

From the following descriptions of their musical talents, can you recognize these famous literary figures? Allow 5 points for each one you can identify, and another 5 if you can also recall the story in which each appears and its author. A score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. This wandering minstrel, formerly a contribution collector for the town band, had a catalogue of ballads to suit every passion and humor.
2. By means of a secret charm, this pipe player could persuade any creature to follow him.
3. She was tone-deaf and didn't know it, but she became a marvelous concert singer under hypnotic influence.
4. When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow she'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing *"Kulla-lo-lo!"*
5. After sneaking into her bedroom, he woke up his lady love by playing on the lute an ancient ditty called "La belle dame sans mercy."
6. An ardent violinist, he was also the author of a monograph upon the Polyphonic Motets of Lassus.
7. This meistersinger won the daughter of the town goldsmith in a singing contest, despite his ignorance of the petty and artificial rules.
8. Playing dismal music on the flute was the only consolation of this poverty-stricken school master.
9. He suffered so much from a morbid acuteness of the senses that the only music not intolerable was his own weird improvising on the guitar.
10. Whenever she felt the need of a change in lovers she would play the melancholy and romantic music of Chopin.

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Tissues of Southern Culture

DAVID L. COHN

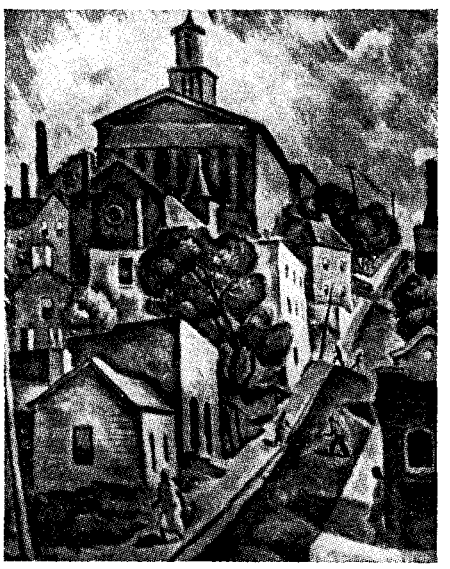
W. J. CASH, of Charlotte, North Carolina, has bravely attempted the stupendous task of analyzing the minds of the people of a vast area as they lived, thought, acted, and died in that area from colonial times to 1940. In his "The Mind of the South"* he concerns himself with the aristocracy, the Negro, the poor white, and the rising middle class. He undertakes to explain the origins of Southern extravagance, high flown rhetoric, brag, sentimentality, non-intellectuality, violence, *noblesse,* miscegenation; he discusses tariffs, freight rate differentials which run against the South, industry, cotton and tobacco agriculture, the Ku Klux Klan, demagogues, the climate, the Civil War, and—as inevitably as the war itself—"Gone with the Wind." He is no pale and precious essayist distilling the thin essence of a thin theory in polite language, but one who has taken an empire as his province and tears open its belly with strong hands to show us its inner workings. Where he has succeeded, his success is that of one who has triumphed in a large and stimulating enterprise; where he has failed, he has failed because his reach exceeds not only his grasp but the grasp perhaps of anyone who may undertake the same task.

"The Mind of the South," for all the author's heroic attempts at objectivity, is often a strangely embittered book. It is obvious that he is, in the Nietzschean phrase, a great despiser because he is a great adorer. And being such, he lashes out in language which reveals not only his adoration of the South but his own essential Southernness; he is no stranger to that Southern violence which he deplores. After 429 close-packed pages he sadly concludes that the South is eternal and unchanging, forever frozen in its ancient patterns:

> Proud, brave, honorable by its lights, courteous, personally generous, loyal, swift to act, often too swift, but signally effective, sometimes terrible, in its action—such was the South at its best. And such at its best it remains today, despite the great falling away of some of its values. Violence, intolerance, aversion, and suspicion toward new ideas, an incapacity for analysis, an inclination to act from feeling rather than from thought, an exaggerated individualism and a too narrow concept of social responsibility, attachments to fictions and false values, above all too great attachment to racial values and a tendency to justify cruelty and injustice in the name of those values, sentimentality and a lack of realism—these have been its characteristic vices in the past. And, despite changes for the better, they remain its characteristic vices today.

In order to estimate the validity of Mr. Cash's conclusions—I believe many of them are demonstrably sound—one must understand the difficulties of his task. To what extent, for example, is it possible to isolate so-called Southern characteristics or failings from national characteristics or failings? Mr. Cash thinks that skyscraper building in the South is ridiculous. But were not skyscrapers built all over the country in the boom days? Why, even in New York, does the Empire State building ascend to fifty-two stories? Is elephantiasis of the ego common only to the South?

Consider the exploitation of labor in the South. What were the conditions of Russian-Jewish workers in the cloak and suit industry of the New York of the '80's? What happened in the New England mills prior to the Civil War? What goes on in the California orchards today? What treatment is meted out to the Mexican migratory worker? What—to jump the ocean—were the English industrial conditions noted by Dickens? Is the exploitation of labor a Southern, a national, or an international phenomenon? You may conceivably show that exploitation was worse in the South than elsewhere, but this is a difference of degree and your end proof is that men everywhere tend to exploit their fellow men unless restrained by law. It is notable too—but unnoted by Mr. Cash—that in his own state of North Carolina, industrially dominated by powerful tobacco and textile mill interests, Frank P. Graham, President of the state University, is an ardent and articulate proponent of collective bargaining.



—From a painting by John Frederick Richardson.
Capitol Hill, Tennessee

Consider Southern hypocritical attitudes toward the Negro in slavery. Mr. Cash points out how slavery was defended by ante-bellum Southern preachers as an institution ordained by God. But in the eighteenth century when New Englanders were growing rich in the slave traffic, a slave importer of Newport, Rhode Island, when his slaving vessel arrived, always got down on his knees and thanked God that another cargo of heathen had been brought within the sweet dispensations of Christianity.

Go a step farther. Do Southern attitudes toward the Negro flow from sources peculiar to the white man of the South, or were they the result of the fact that only in the South have masses of whites and Negroes been thrown together? The Negro population of one great plantation is larger than the Negro population of Vermont. Would Vermont attitudes towards Negroes change if tomorrow five hundred thousand Negroes should move into the state? Consider New York city. Where on this continent can you find a more stinking cesspool than Harlem? Where do Negroes pay higher rents and higher prices for food? Why are there no Negro typists in Wall Street? No Negro salesgirls at Macy's? How often do Paul Robeson or Margaret Anderson lunch at The Colony, or give a cocktail party at the Ritz? How escape the iron fact that whatever the admixture of peoples in the United States, its social attitudes are primarily Anglo-Saxon, and that wherever the Anglo-Saxon prevails, color lines are sharply drawn. " . . . Even when you cease to be slaves you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with the white race . . . The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the best when free, but on this continent not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours . . . Go where you are treated best, and the ban is still upon you."

Are these the words of The Man

(*Continued on page* 16)

**THE MIND OF THE SOUTH. By W. J. Cash. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 429 pp., and index. $3.75.*

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ALL about IDA

IDA. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Random House. 1941. 154 *pp.* $2.

Simplified by W. H. AUDEN

IDA is not about IDA, but about Dear Ida. Who is Dear Ida? Why, everybody knows Dear Ida, but not everybody knows whom they know. Most people call the Dear Ida they know IDA, but most people do not know IDA. Then who is Dear Ida whom everybody knows? Miss Stein knows who Dear Ida is. Dear Ida lives from day to day, but a day is not really all day to Dear Ida because she does not need all day. She does not need all day because, of course, she is mostly sitting and resting and being there. Resting is what she likes best and sitting is what she does best. That is being natural, and, of course, being natural does not take all day. That is why she can only use the part of the day and night that she chooses to sit in. She stays there as long as she can, then she goes walking. Dear Ida walks in the afternoon when she is not resting. Everything happens to Dear Ida, funny things happen, husbands happen, going away happens, and Dear Ida does not know whether they are happening slowly or not. It might be slowly, it might be not. Dear Ida does not know because she does not begin, no, never, because, as Miss Stein says, if you begin, nothing happens to you. You happen. Dear Ida does not happen, Dear Ida is not funny. The only funny thing about Dear Ida is her dislike of doors. Otherwise Dear Ida is very well, very well indeed. Does Dear Ida know IDA? No, she does not know IDA, she only knows that IDA is beside her. She cannot know IDA because she thinks IDA is like what she thinks Dear Ida is like. Dear Ida does not even know Dear Ida. Only once in her life does she know Dear Ida. That is the only time Dear Ida cries. Knowing IDA beside her, and not knowing Dear Ida, like the Dear Ida she is, she thinks that IDA is Dear Ida, my twin, my twin Winnie who is winning everything and will never make me cry. When she tries to think of IDA, she can only think of her twin Winnie. When she tries to think of Dear Ida, she can only think a dog is a dog because it is always there. If Dear Ida does not know Dear Ida, who does? IDA knows. IDA is funny and is always beginning. Nothing happens to IDA. IDA does not call Dear Ida dear Ida. But Poor Ida, Lazy Ida, Bad Ida, why do you let such funny things happen to you, why don't you begin, why don't you cry? Dear Ida, you are wrong. The first of everything is not a sign of anything. Anything can be the first of everything. Perhaps ten can be a sign of something. Yes, perhaps everything after ten is a sign. I am not your twin Winnie, Dear Ida, I am IDA. If you knew this, you would not be resting. Perhaps you would be crying, but you would know IDA, and that would be as well. Most novels are Dear Ida writing about her twin Winnie, but they do not say so. O dear no, they say this is IDA writing about IDA. But it is only Dear Ida writing, and what does Dear Ida know about IDA as she sits, Dear Ida, and lets funny things happen and does not cry. When she writes IDA she only says, My twin Winnie who is always winning, always counting, never sitting but always crying. There is too much winning, too much counting, too much crying, too much of not resting altogether. Ida is not Dear Ida writing about her twin Winnie. Ida is IDA writing about Dear Ida. There is not too much of anything, only one hundred and fifty pages, and Dear Ida only cries once. IDA does not pretend that Dear Ida is not resting and not thinking about her twin Winnie. Dear Ida writes very often, but I do not like what she writes

Gertrude Stein

because it is neither about IDA nor Dear Ida, only about her twin Winnie, and that is too much. I like IDA best when she writes about IDA but she does not write about her very often. Next to IDA writing about IDA, I like IDA writing about Dear Ida.

This is what Ida is. I like Ida.

Sigmund Freud as a Person

FROM THIRTY YEARS WITH FREUD. By Theodor Reik. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1940. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

CERTAINLY great men become legends before their death. It is eminently true that there exists and has existed for many years a Freud legend, compounded of impressions that are derived from his writings, his style, his subject matter, his portrait, and to no small extent of fantasies pure and simple, which arose in his readers, and in those who did not read him, for reasons that Freud himself would be the most competent to elucidate. Hence, we owe Dr. Reik a debt for putting down in the first part of his book, written shortly after Professor Freud's death, those recollections, which were still warm, of Freud as a person, including a somewhat gossipy account of his last visit to Freud. Dr. Reik's memories of Freud are interesting as records, and may some day be of importance in a definitive study of Professor Freud as a man; no final assessment is attempted.

The second part of the book is a report of an unpublished lecture of Freud. Dr. Reik serving as literary secretary to show how Freud analyzed an interesting psychological experience, which a colleague had published. The analysis, slight enough, is in the manner of "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life," and is ingenious and interesting. Dr. Reik adds an original comment on an oversight made by Freud in this same analysis.

In another chapter Dr. Reik puts in a good word for Freud's followers. It is part of one Freud legend that the master is all right, a genius, but everyone else who practises psychoanalysis is a deluded bigot. Actually, if Freud had not so much overshadowed his immediate followers, sober consideration would have recognized them to be a rather superior and intelligent group.

The third part of the book is devoted to reviews of four of Freud's papers: Civilization and its Discontents, The Future of an Illusion, A Note on a Religious Experience, and Dostoievsky and Parricide. While the criticism is appreciative rather than analytic, certain of Dr. Reik's remarks on the last paper are of importance. The fourth part of the book consists of reprints of various original papers which have no direct bearing on Freud, but which were written on various occasions by Dr. Reik. One of these, which deals with embarrassment in greeting, is well worth reading.

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What Russia Means to the Worker

WORKERS BEFORE AND AFTER LENIN. By Manya Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 524 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by SPENCER MILLER

MANYA GORDON knows whereof she writes and speaks. Hers has been no "six weeks' investigation," no uncritical acceptance of statistics designed to prove a case. This volume is a life work of one born in Russia but educated in America, who has attempted faithfully and objectively to appraise this great workers' experiment by the effect which it had on the lives and standards of those for whom this Republic was devised.

Her research and writing have produced an amazing book—amazing in its expose of conditions among the workers under the Czars and under the Soviets, and amazing in its portrayal of the contradictions of the Bolshevik mind when presenting its own case and when condemning its opponents' case.

It starts out by informing the reader, almost casually, that labor legislation beneficial to the workers was enacted exactly two hundred years ago in Russia. This dealt with hours, wages, working conditions, medical aid, equal pay for women and men, and other matters. This does not mean that the lot of the workers in Czarist Russia was suddenly made ideal nor that the legislation was inspired by concern for the workers' welfare. As Manya Gordon writes, "The condition of the workers remained miserable beyond description." And the legislation was enacted to put the industrialists of St. Petersburg on a par as far as labor costs went with their fellow-industrialists in Moscow. In the former there was a scarcity of labor and machines had to be used, which increased labor costs as compared with the costs in the latter city, which had a glut of starvation labor. However, this labor legislation did mark a step forward in the economic condition of the workers in Russia which lasted with minor setbacks until the Soviets were firmly in the saddle.

How little the workers benefited under their rule may be gathered from the fact that when they came to power they reduced the overtime to fifty hours a year from the one hundred and twenty which was legal under the Czars, but in 1922 the Soviets went back to the Czarist figures. And not only that, but whereas under the Czars the employer was compelled to make a definite agreement with the workers regarding overtime, in Soviet Russia the workers are compelled to work overtime whenever the factory director decides it is necessary.

"Russia was definitely on her way, and in labor legislation particularly she was often in advance of western Europe," writes Manya Gordon of the year 1914. "After 1905, and encouraged by the shifty tactics of the government, the employers tightened their grip on the workers," she goes on. "But here as in the political sphere they could only reduce labor's gains and not wipe them out completely." In 1905 fifty-three per cent of all the wage-earners in the Moscow district worked eleven and a half hours a day; by the following year this figure had been reduced to twelve per cent. In the decade between 1896 and 1906 the number of night workers had been reduced from over 75,000 to 5,000.

And though, after the abolition of serfdom in 1861, wages decreased until in 1880 the average yearly pay for men was 187 rubles and half that for women, there was a steady increase of wages after the strikes of 1903, with the exception of the depression of 1909, so that by the beginning of the first World War wages had increased in the Moscow district to 304 rubles.

The Revolution of 1917 found Russian labor in an aggressive mood. That year the unions had a membership of 1,475,000 in 967 separate organizations and were increasing their numbers rapidly.

Lenin could not help being aware of this formidable growth, writes Manya Gordon. In his book "The State and Revolution" which he wrote on the eve of the November coup d'etat he assured the working people that the working class would soon master all the tasks that the bourgeois and the impotent Kerensky government had found insurmountable. Paradoxical as it may seem, Lenin further declared that as a result of the development of capitalism in Russia the vast majority of administrative and economic problems had become so simple that they could be handled "by all literate people" and that this could be done "in rotation."

Manya Gordon

In 1920 at the Eighth Congress of the Soviet trade unions the father of Russian Communism made an about face on the rotation theory. He ridiculed the idea of handing over the management of national industry to the workers who he had proclaimed as capable of running it when he was reaching for power. It was quite proper, according to Lenin, for the trade unions to take over control of industry at the beginning of the revolution when it was necessary to use them as a battering ram to remove the previous ruling order, but as soon as they had done their job he was through with them.

The real contrast in the status of workers before and after Lenin, the author sets forth with impressive words. But nowhere in the book does she do it with greater incisiveness than in her concluding appraisal of the Soviet rule.

> During the early period of Soviet rule [writes Manya Gordon] labor managed to achieve a great deal. In the beginning of 1925 the membership of the Soviet trade unions comprised 8,500,000 workers and office employees. The unions had 3,417 clubs and 5,922 libraries and were interested in every kind of educational and recreational activity as well as in all proper trade union work. Under a democratic form of government these activities, with the large membership of the trade unions, would have ultimately compelled reorganization of the economic and industrial conditions of the country, no matter whether the ultimate ownership was private or national. Organized labor, would be in a position to make equitable collective agreements, protect its own rights and at the same time strike a balance between wages and reasonable profits for the State. This real promise in a momentous experiment was destroyed by the autocratic power of the Communist Party and later by Stalin, "the Father of the Country."

Apologists for Soviet Russia may challenge what Miss Gordon has written, but they will not alter her conclusions with less research and less painstaking care than she has employed in assembling her data. Her volume will help every student of labor problems in America to a somewhat more objective estimate of present labor conditions under the Soviet rule.

Spencer Miller, Jr., is director of the Workers Education Bureau of America.

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The Saturday Review
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BACK-SEAT DRIVERS' DEPARTMENT

THERE is little evidence in the new Spring books that last year's depression in American biography is on its way out. The year 1940 produced so few outstanding biographical works that it is difficult to recall a time when the candidates for the Pulitzer award in this field were so limited in respect either to number or character. This shortage is perhaps indicative of a feeling among many writers that there is a dearth of front-rank American subjects as candidates for study.

Such an attitude, though understandable, is not in itself sufficient cause for the present biographical cæsura. While it is true that most if not all of the prominent names in American history have been exhausted as possibilities for new life studies, it is equally true perhaps that a large and rich field as yet only partially explored awaits the biographer. To a large extent, much of the new biography may have to concern itself with this field. Though the names here are not as familiar as those of our national heroes, nevertheless many of them offer material intrinsically valuable as Americana. In addition, the story material *per se* is worthy of biographical consideration.

This means, of course, that the biographer may have to go outside the conventional boundaries of political figures. In fact, a departure from the purely political should be highly welcome at this time, furnishing long-overdue recognition for those who have made significant contributions to the multi-colored pattern of American civilization. We take liberty here to suggest some of these names:

1. *Brander Matthews.* It is somewhat surprising that this notable literary figure has not yet attracted a serious biographer. Author and playwright, he was President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and Chancellor of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He was the author of a dozen or more prominent works on literature and drama, as well as a number of plays, and was the center around which a vital part of the literary life of America clustered for almost a quarter-century. He was professor of dramatic literature and English at Columbia University, to which he gave a collection now known as the Brander Matthews Dramatic Museum.

2. *William Ellery Channing.* American history knows two authors bearing this name. One, in addition to being a writer of note, was a theologian, philosopher, and philanthropist, and is perhaps the better known of the two. His own papers, in addition to a biography by Chadwick, have taken him out of the eligibles for new life studies. His nephew of the same name, however, was an important author in his own right. He was an intimate at Concord of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. A nature-lover himself, he was especially close to Thoreau; he was Thoreau's first biographer and edited his posthumous works. He was married to Margaret Fuller's sister.

3. *James Whitcomb Riley.* At one time all America—or so it seemed—read and enjoyed his rich, homey verse. To this day he is Indiana's "First Poet," yet no first-rate biography has been accorded him. This is all the more surprising when it is realized that his life itself is a story of unusual color and excitement. He started out as an itinerant actor in small stock companies and later became one of America's more important regional poets.

4. *Mary Putnam Jacobi.* "A bold pioneer in furthering medical education for women" and a widely-respected physician in her own right, Dr. Jacobi undertook important work in the field of children's diseases. In addition, she was a prominent leader in the movement to enlarge women's rights. Material on her life is available in "Life and Letters of Mary Putnam Jacobi," edited by Ruth Putnam, but there is room for a new, objective, complete biography.

5. *William Clark.* Though we have adequate biographies on his brother, George Rogers Clark, hero of the Northwest, no recognized work has been done on William Clark, the explorer and co-leader of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Clark's achievements on his mission for Thomas Jefferson have been chronicled in "The Original Journals" of his expedition, but not enough is available on Clark himself.

6. *Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain.* Seldom has there been a career in American history combining the soldier and the scholar in such perfect blend as in the case of Joshua Chamberlain. He left a professorship at Bowdoin to participate in the Civil War, where his work in the Battle of Gettysburg and other battles gave him the rank of Major General and the honor of receiving the formal surrender of the arms and colors of the Confederate Army. After the Civil War he became Governor of Maine, a post to which he was elected for four consecutive terms. Later he became President of Bowdoin College.

These suggestions by no means exhaust the list. Our purpose in publishing them is to attempt to answer the statement that biographers have little left to keep them busy. If suggestions such as these are of any interest to readers, the editors threaten to continue joggling the elbows of the drivers.

N. C.

The Attitude of Youth

By John Gould Fletcher

WE were told that wars are made by the makers of munition,
And therefore we must resist them, now as before;
Not knowing that wars can be equally made by the prophets of perdition;
Who rankle under defeat, till they make one war the more.

We were told that nothing was sacred, all things were ours for the taking.
That old age was hypocrisy, youth the one thing to find.
And from that dream of ours we have no desire to be waking,
Though it be but a dream, we will seek it, drunken and blind.

The thousands on thousands bombed, the millions fleeing in terror,
Are not of our flesh and our blood, however wretched their plight.
We are finer and better than they. This war was a ghastly error.
We must go on as we were, shaking our fists at the night.

Till the fields are all reaped, and the ditch is filled at another's bidding;
And death behind barbed wire awaits for the man who resists.
Till the hoarse voice from the depths, blesses the bloody wedding;
And we sacrifice life in vain, for the one chance that we missed.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Oliver Gogarty on James Joyce

SIR:—Oliver Gogarty's portrait of James Joyce in the National Library and James Joyce in his student and post-student days is quite admirable. But Oliver Gogarty fails completely in his approach to James Joyce the writer [*SRL*, Jan. 25]. He never understood any of the tragedy and compassion that James Joyce got into "Ulysses" and, I think, into "Finnegans Wake"; to him these books are all confusion and pedantry. He refers to William Butler Yeats in his article as the type of great artist who could be central, clear, and intelligible. I wonder whether Oliver Gogarty ever discussed Joyce's work with Yeats? If he did he must have discovered that Yeats had a high admiration for "Ulysses"—he spoke to me of its "lonely intensity"; he read thoughtfully "Finnegans Wake" as it appeared as "Work in Progress." If "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" are confusion and pedantry to Oliver Gogarty it was something very different to the great artist whom he appeals to. And surely the time has come to expunge from the record the alleged remark of the youthful Joyce to Yeats—"We have met too late; you are too old to be influenced by me." In the arrogant Joyce that Oliver Gogarty and I knew in Dublin the remark was dramatically appropriate, but, like many other dramatically appropriate remarks it was never made. Joyce, who had the highest admiration for Yeats, who collaborated in an Italian translation of "The Countess Cathleen" assured me he never said anything of the kind.

PADRAIC COLUM.

New York City.

Allusion and Obscurity

SIR:—Human nature being what it is, poetry and poppycock are perennial, of course; but it seems a little late to be using those designations for non-modernistic and modernistic poetry [*SRL*, Jan. 25].

Whether we like it or not, we're going to have—any people, as it matures, is going to have—allusive poetry; and with our quickened interest in psychology, we're going to have associational poetry. The quarrel, I think, is with degree rather than kind. For some of us, Eliot and his followers tend to become too remote and too private in allusion and association. Even so, there is more than one audience level for poetry to move on.

Some of us still prefer the poetry that is spontaneous "happening," as against the contrived thing. But that may belong to the age of innocence, doomed on the day Adam bit the apple. And there is another kind of delight in the product of intricate and erudite devisings. Civilized art, like civilized states, exchange singleness and simplicity for other things which may or may not seem "better," but are inevitable.

DAVID MORTON.

Amherst, Mass.

"She believes she has the reincarnation of Trilby's feet."

SIR:—Beneath an excellent title Elizabeth Jackson used to poor advantage a considerable number of harsh words about the poetry of obscurity and the obscurity of poets, mainly T. S. Eliot. Perhaps she was too intent on being entertaining and sarcastic; or maybe she leaned over backward trying to avoid being obscure herself. In either case she would have been wiser to have skipped that tracing of the two lines from "Burbank with a Baedeker" etc.: "The horses under the axle-tree. Beat up the dawn from Istria." Why go back only so far as Kipling? It was John Marston in "Antonio's Revenge" who wrote:

> . . . See, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
> Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs
> And chase it through the sky.

Any student of Eliot knows how he and Conrad Aiken delved into Webster and Marston; it is all set forth in Houston Peterson's superb "The Melody of Chaos," an exegesis of Aiken. Moreover, while Miss Jackson seems delighted with herself for uncovering the lines from Conan Doyle, I have been equally pleased about tracing "Mister Kurtz, he dead" to Conrad's "Heart of Darkness."

CLAYTON HOAGLAND.

Rutherford, N. J.

DeMorgan Fan "Somehow Good"

SIR:—Do you suppose any of the reviewers of James Hilton's most entertaining novel ever read a book by William de Morgan called "Somehow Good"? In it we had a graphic account from the wife's side of such a marriage, and an amazingly fascinating description of the slow return of memory. I could not help wondering if Hilton had read it, if it had suggested the idea to him.

Would that we had more books now like De Morgan's. He did not shirk the rough facts of human existence, but he left us with a more hopeful view of humanity than we find in literature today. But that was before the first World War, thirty-five years ago.

ERNEST ELMO CALKINS.

New York City.

Information, Please

SIR:—I, too, am seeking information. I am gathering material for a biography of William Pinkney of Maryland, Senator, noted lawyer, and statesman of Missouri Compromise fame. He was an uncle of the noted Episcopalian bishop, William Pinkney. The Bishop published a biography of his statesman-uncle in 1853.

I shall be very grateful to anyone who might furnish me with information concerning either William, the statesman, or the Bishop, and any material received will be copied and returned immediately. Full credit will be given for any that is used.

J. PAUL KEMERER.

1206½ S. 7th St.,
Ironton, Ohio.

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Atkins...

HOLY SUBURB. By Elizabeth Atkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 348 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

HERE is "Life with Father" in a suburb of Lincoln, Nebraska during the first four years of this century. For her first novel Elizabeth Atkins has drawn liberally on her own family for portraiture, and on memories of childhood in Nebraska for her locale. Income from farms enabled Father to move his family to the holy suburb of Lincoln where flourished a sound Methodist college and where he had delightful opportunities to exercise his powers of leadership and subject his children to a Christian education. It is a novel of character and a number of unrelated incidents of varying importance (giving a sort of jumpy gait to the narrative), all bound together into a loose pattern by the progress of the two oldest children through Epworth College.

The best section of the book has to do with a daffy-downdilly young instructor from Harvard who loathes the uncouth Nebraska and is tortured mercilessly by his Methodist students. His exquisite taste and gentleness they interpret as effeminacy, the rustics' heartiness and general lack of refinement and finesse are barbarism to the Easterner. He is finally discharged when he is discovered smoking cigarettes and gratefully returns to Harvard for advanced study. Another section deals with the local Elmer Gantry, whose amatory intrigues and brassy effrontery shake the community. Ironically enough the resulting publicity does no harm to the college, which gains at once in enrollment.

The story is told from the points of view of the various Admire females—the dun, ineffectual mother and the three daughters. Unfortunately the youngest child does much of the "interpreting"; she is often an obnoxious brat and can tire the reader as well as those around her. The novel suffers somewhat by too much attention to the whimsicalities and cute sayings of the children; whenever scene and incident are turned over to the adults the book becomes more pithy and interesting. As a period piece it successfully recreates the denominational college community of forty years ago, with its gossip, its revivals, its evangelical approach to all problems, the clerical strategies and politics. The humor is rich and not at all patronizing, for the gaiety in the Admire family equals its piety. It is not a momentous novel, but it is fresh and cheerful.

Engle...

ALWAYS THE LAND. By Paul Engle. New York: Random House. 1941. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. C. RICHARDS

SEVEN years ago we first knew Paul Engle as a strangely tormented protestant, a confused young poet tub-thumping for America, but bitter, disillusioned, and antipioneer at the same time. Soon, however, there was less tumult and shouting in his verse, which became more powerfully calm and assured.

Now, in "Always the Land" the young Mr. Engle gives us his first novel, and we note with gratification that this talented newcomer is still moving forward. He has sloughed off the pretentious mannerisms of his early work and shows himself master of a prose that is muscular and quietly beautiful.

"Always the Land" is a simple account of an Iowa farm family whose great love for horses makes their

Louise Dahl Wolfe

Paul Engle **Carson McCullers**

house a sort of appendage to the stables, and their rich fields of corn and alfalfa a necessary evil in the economy of horse-breeding. Iowa, too, has its Horse Society, although its members seem to love horses better than society.

These horsemen, who wear no red coats and whose hunt breakfasts are served long before noon, show and race their animals at county and state fairs. They like the smell of the stable; in it they move, and live, and have their being. Old Henry, the virulent misogynist, sums it up very neatly:

"This is the life, Joe. When there ain't no more horses I wanta die. It won't be a live world then."

The characters are earthy and alive, and their speech is pungent and credible. The book is charged with animosities and minor clashes, which with the gusto and robustness of the talk compensate for the slight plot interest.

McCullers...

REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE. By Carson McCullers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1941. 183 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE new book by Carson McCullers is a sad disappointment, not only after her remarkable first novel, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," but after its own opening pages. It is instantly plain that the book is by some one who can *write,* with a haunting power and a suggestiveness that can be felt at once; but it all too soon becomes clear that the story is a vipers'-knot of neurasthenic relationships among characters whom the author seems hardly to comprehend, and of whose perversions she can create nothing. On the first page she promises us a murder on an army post, involving "two officers, a soldier, two women, a Filipino, and a horse"; and it is no joke, but the simple truth, to say of this cast, the horse is the only one for whom one can feel comprehension of his character and pity for his tragedy (he is ruined when one of the officers uses him as a scapegoat for his own emotions). The others are grouped round a double triangle, a rhombus made of two triangles with one side in common. One is composed of Captain Penderton, who "had a sad penchant for becoming enamoured of his wife's lovers;" his wife Leonora,, and her current lover, Major Langdon. There is also a less overt triangle involving the captain and Leonora, of which third point is Private Ellgee Williams, who has been brought up with a morbid horror of women. Situated oddly on the periphery of this situation are Major Langdon's wife, who mutilates herself horribly when she learns of his unfaithfulness, and her Filipino boy, who has for her an unpleasantly lapdog affection.

Such a collection of sick and unnatural souls could become the stuff of tragedy only if handled with the greatest comprehension, and woven into a pattern which gave some logical conclusion to the bent of each character. Neither of these conditions is here fulfilled. The murder which we have been promised comes as an anticlimax, not because the preceding emotions are too great, but because so many of the narrative threads do not lead to it, and because it is no resolution even of those which do: the book does not culminate in tragedy, it trails off into futility. And to Miss McCullers her characters' vagaries seem merely something to be cold-bloodedly chosen for their bizarrerie, contemplated, and set down, without pity or comment or any sort of use.

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Dreiser to the Rescue

AMERICA IS WORTH SAVING. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS

MR. DREISER is not the kind of writer for whose least word one waits eagerly, for his minor works are very minor indeed. "America Is Worth Saving" does, however, break a ten years' silence, and if it adds nothing to Dreiser's stature, if there is nothing in it to suggest that it is the work of a man who has written novels of importance, it gives us some insight into the curiously involved workings of Dreiser's mind.

With much of the book many persons will agree. Dreiser maintains that capitalism has demonstrated its inefficiency, that poverty in an age of abundance is ridiculous and criminal, that democracy must solve the problem of full production and equitable distribution. This has all been said before, but it can do no harm to have it said again.

Dreiser dislikes capitalism, but there is something he hates even more—England. England is "this black widow of the nations," "an imperialist monster," and "our worst enemy." Of the British upper class he says: "At this date and to my positive personal knowledge—I have traveled in England a number of times and followed its structure and history with the greatest of care—there is nowhere on earth a greater foe to the development, mental and physical, of the masses of the earth, than the present ruling class of England." And for the lower class he has contempt: "There is no sense of democracy among the people by and large." He devotes one whole chapter to criticisms of England by the English themselves, from Jonathan Swift to Harold Laski. From the exploitation of India to the obsequiousness of servants he canvasses the sins of the British, and there is no charge too trivial or too far-fetched for him to raise: "They have an outright contempt for our architecture which the rest of the world recognizes as the most progressive and characteristic of our epoch, and scorn to erect any high buildings in England and so give us credit for any original achievement."

As even these brief sentences suggest, Mr. Dreiser has not lost his old fondness for using ten words where one would do as well. Nor is the book free from the confusions we expect of him. If the Civil War is on page 37 an example of our "save-the-world" complex, it is on page 155 part of our struggle for democracy. There is an entire chapter devoted to "that strange arrangement which according to our modern psychologists holds in nature . . . and that is that three per cent of the people born in the world, and *only* three per cent, have the amazing ability to do what we call 'Think.'" The possessors of this amazing ability turn out to be the industrial and financial leaders. Almost as extraordinary is Mr. Dreiser's veneration for the Constitution.

In spite, however, of the wordiness and the occasional Menckenisms, the book drives ahead, and in spite of contradictions and all too characteristic nonsense, it has a position. That position is simply that British imperialism is even worse than Hitler fascism and therefore we must not take sides in the war.

Underlying this there is a more complicated argument, which is in part only implied but can be made explicit. Mr. Dreiser holds, first, that if we keep out of war, we may be able to make democracy work. But, second, if that hope fails, there is always the Soviet Union, of which he thinks well. And, third, even if Stalin can't save us, maybe fascism wouldn't be too bad.

Those who disagree with Mr. Dreiser's conclusions would be foolish to under-estimate the strength of some of his arguments. Though certain of the charges he brings against the British are ridiculous, and though his statistics are often open to question, much of what he says is undeniably true. Moreover, his account of the role of British—and American—capitalism in contributing to the rise of fascism is substantially accurate. No one serves democracy by ignoring these facts.

Yet the counter argument is perfectly clear. If England is defeated, there is not much to hope from either the Soviet Union or the United States. The former, even if it is not overrun by German armies, will yield to its own fascist tendencies. The latter will be faced with the task of building a gigantic military machine at a time when democratic morale is at its lowest and fascist prestige at its highest. Democracy is imperfect in both England and the United States, but recent history scarcely teaches us that the way to get more democracy is to abandon what we have.

The Germans in U. S.

THE TRAGEDY OF GERMAN-AMERICA. By John A. Hawgood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 334 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

PROFESSOR HAWGOOD has put an enormous amount of research and labor into this book, and yet it is a disappointing one. In the first place, his study of the German immigrant in the United States is limited to the nineteenth century and after, and therefore a most important chapter is omitted. Again, he is particularly interested in the efforts to establish new Germanys on American soil and studies these experiments with considerable detail, notably in the states of Texas, Missouri, and Wisconsin. This is the backbone of the book, and he shows conclusively the complete failure of the plans to transplant parts of the old Germany to this continent. Whether he considers this failure the tragedy of German-America or something else, I confess I cannot say. But I do feel that he is unduly kind and optimistic in his chapter called the "Dissolution of the Hyphen" in which he says: "By 1930 the German-American era appeared definitely over and hardly likely to return."

The truth is that the hyphen has not disappeared; that there is still a surprising amount of divided loyalty and a determination among many German-Americans to hold to Germany right or wrong even though they have had their American citizenship papers for many years. If Professor Hawgood were to come over from England and to frequent the German and American movie houses on 86th Street, in New York, he would, I think, alter his opinions. At least he would be shocked like many others by the success of the German war propaganda films and by the open hissing of American films, as recently when there was shown a film depicting the West Point cadets. It is true that because of the conviction (not for his alleged wrongdoings but, I fear, because he was a Bundist leader) of Fritz Kuhn, the Bund has waned greatly; but the discouraging thing is that there were twelve thousand sympathizers with Hitler in the famous Madison Square Garden meeting, and sometimes I wonder if there is no more sympathy with Germany today among this group than there was with the Kaiser's Reich.

The truth is that multitudes of Ger-

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mans came over here with fixed conviction that the culture they were leaving behind was far superior to what they would find here and hence they were determined to insist upon its preservation on this side of the Atlantic. Yet for all their love of regimentation and solidarity, the German's old habit of playing off his own bat politically would alone have prevented, I believe, the establishment of any new Germany on American soil.

Professor Hawgood, I repeat, has assembled many valuable facts about the development of the German immigration and the extent of its various tendencies, and has also portrayed well the reactions among German-Americans to the rise of the Bismarckian Germany. But one cannot see the whole forest because he focuses our attention upon so many trees, and the author purposely avoids any estimate of the undoubted contributions of the German immigrants to American life, or their influence upon their environment as in Cincinnati and Chicago. A broad, compelling picture of the whole immigration is lacking, which is the more regrettable since, as he points out, the latest happenings and the threat of what is to come have created a new German-American crisis.

The Story of American Liberty

LANDSCAPE OF FREEDOM. The Story of Personal Liberty in America. By Mauritz A. Hallgren. New York: Howell, Soskin, Inc. 1941. 444 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

MR. HALLGREN is an able journalist who has had interesting appointments at home and abroad, and who has written a half dozen volumes on a variety of subjects, including postage stamps. I am not familiar with his earlier work but his present book is an odd mixture of facts.

The author skims through all periods of American history from the beginning of the colonial period to the present day. The title "Landscape of Freedom" is vague but seems to be clarified by the sub-title "The Story of Personal Liberty in America." That, written with close adherence to the topic, would be a most useful book in these days but there is no continuous thread to follow and one frequently wonders what the book is about. Much space is devoted to a history of the minor social facts of American life and not to personal liberty. In a number of passages, for example, Mr. Hallgren devotes considerable space to the habit of spitting in different periods. What, after all, has spitting got to do with liberty? Or eating with a knife instead of a fork, and belching at table? Or, again, the length of women's skirts. Because women's dress has become more sensible and attractive in the eyes of Mr. Hallgren and myself than in the skirt-trailing days of the 90's does it indicate greater liberty or merely a change of fashion? These are but examples in Mr. Hallgren's history of liberty.

There is nothing new in the book but this would be no warranted criticism if the author had combined well-known facts in a new synthesis to create a fresh point of view. Historical writing needs just that. Scholars and the Ph.D. thesists have been for a long generation so busy accumulating new "facts" that what we need most is the assembling of them in a new and suggestive combination, but that is just what I miss in this volume. For those whose knowledge of our history is not extended it contains much that will be entertaining and interesting. For those who know our story it may prove somewhat irritating because so many disparate topics are picked up briefly in passing without really adequate treatment of any, such as the labor question and others.

On the whole the book is accurate as far as it goes though the reader is occasionally surprised by omissions such as the lack of any mention of Jefferson in the brief account of religious liberty in his period. It may be recalled that, omitting any reference to the Presidency, Jefferson chose and rightly, to mention on his tombstone as one the three things he had accomplished, that he was the author of the Bill for Religious Liberty in Virginia, the greatest state in the Union at that period. In general the book is written fairly and without bias although there are notable exceptions. For example in complaining of the British having used general search warrants in their war on smuggling he does not note that Massachusetts, in connection with its local tariffs, had employed the same warrants since 1748. Again he speaks of those in the last war who would not enter the ranks as "men who refused to commit murder at the bidding of their government. "Murder" is a specific crime and it is clear that a soldier although he may object to killing a fellow man is not committing murder.

Mauritz Hallgren

Nevertheless the book is amusing and interesting although it can hardly be said to be of "extraordinary importance" in the present struggle for liberty. To a large extent it dwells upon the suppression, and often merely the inhibitions, of humanity. I recommend it, however, as giving an interesting picture of many aspects of our past. Even if it dwells chiefly on the dark spots it struck me as optimistic. Things at least, as it shows, are much better than they used to be. It will also do anyone good to read, for example, the story of what happened in the last war and immediately after in the disregard of personal liberty and the Bill of Rights, in the way individuals were forced to subscribe to Liberty Loans by means which made a mockery of liberty, and in the persecution of suspects. There are passages also which are suggestive to any historian, as that speaking of the growth of a new Puritanism on the frontier due to the Baptists and Methodists and the sense of power they acquired by their popularity and influence over the people. It is a worthwhile book though not an outstanding one.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
2. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning.
3. "Trilby," by George Du Maurier.
4. Supiyawlat, in "The Road to Mandalay," by Kipling.
5. Porphyro, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats.
6. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Bruce-Partington Plans," by Conan Doyle.
7. Walter von Stolzing, in "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," by Wagner.
8. Mr. Mell, in "David Copperfield," by Dickens.
9. Roderick Usher, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Poe.
10. Marie, the Actress, in "The Guardsman," by Franz Molnar.

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TISSUES OF SOUTHERN CULTURE

(*Continued from page 7*)

Bilbo or Cotton Ed Smith? They are not. They were spoken by Abraham Lincoln to a delegation of Negroes who called at the White House in 1862.

Great care must be exercised even when one is studying the South in its apparently purely Southern relations. Is its exploitation of the Negro based upon the fact that he is a Negro? If so, then how explain the equal exploitation of whites by whites in the South? Isn't it a matter of exploiting whatever exploitable group may be at hand: Negroes in the lower South, and whites in the upper South? Nor is this all. Consider the ruthless exploitation of Negroes by Negroes, whether in the Harlem of New York or the Beale Street of Memphis. Aren't we dealing here with factors which are universal rather than regional?

Consider crime. Mr. Cash points out the shocking violence of the South. Much crime is committed by whites; more by Negroes. But the crime rate all over the country is far greater for Negroes than for whites. Mr. Cash attributes much Southern Negro crime to slum conditions and I have no doubt that he is right. Elsewhere students have come to the same conclusion with respect to white crime. Yet this isn't a satisfactory explanation of Negro crime in the South. The most violent state in the union is Mississippi. It is eighty-three per cent agricultural. Most of the Negro homicides occur on the land. And they tend to occur in the Fall when the plantation Negro has leisure and money, the climax of murder coming in December with its time-honored "Christmas killings."

The Southerner, says Mr. Cash, is as extravagant with his money as with his speech. That is true. This may be a vice; it may also indicate that the free-spending Mississippian has long been ahead of his times. Thrift, we are now told, is a vice. We must all be good Consumers. It's the "velocity of money circulation" that counts. On this score the Southerner stirs up a little typhoon whenever he can.

Is the South changing? Mr. Cash believes, on the whole, that it is not. Yet his own book—an often corrosive and salutary analysis of the South—could have been written twenty-five years ago only if its author had been prepared to leave town. And this is perhaps the greatest of all Southern changes; the sloughing off the inferiority that has plagued it since Appomattox. The most effective criticism of the South comes now from Southerners; the most detailed analyses of it in its economic and sociological aspects have come from Howard Odum at Chapel Hill; while down in Georgia—one of the most backward states of the area—nearly a quarter million persons are studying the ruthless reports on the state got out by the Citizens' Fact Finding Movement.

IS the South evolving a productive culture? Ask the publishers. Half of them talk now with a Southern accent as the result of dealing with the drawling boys and girls out of river bottoms with a book manuscript in their hands. So common indeed are writers in the South that in almost any town the old vaudeville saw could take a new turn. "Who was that lady I seen you out with last night? That ain't no lady. She's a novelist."

Another great change is taking place. The South still has numbers of whooping, rarin', sin-splitting, foaming-at-the-mouth preachers. Many of the people would still believe every word of the Bible, "even if it ain't true." But the old time religion is slowly dying. Attend the Baptist, Presbyterian, or Methodist services in any small Southern town—the few Episcopalians always walked dignifiedly along the Episcopal way to heaven—and for all the hell-raising to be observed, you might as well be in a Vermont village. Revivalists still roam the land, it is true, but their numbers are declining and the devil seems to have banked their ardent fires.

So, too, the Negro church is changing. The younger generation want none of the old-time religion. And consequently, the old-fashioned preacher whose success depended upon the number of sisters he could cause to get religion, squall, and fall out in church, now find themselves in the position of the screen actors of the silent film days when the movies arrived. The Southerner who would take his Northern visitor to a rousing Negro church service must now go to the backwoods.

But even where fundamentalism may retain some of its ancient intensity, startling change is taking place. The Bible bids man to be fruitful and multiply, but in South and North Carolina, a Bible-reading people are defying God's injunction. These states run their own birth control clinics, and

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North Carolina with three per cent of the nation's population has thirteen per cent of its birth control clinics.

Ancestor worship is waning. Ancestors, to many Southerners, are no longer social but merely biological necessities; they don't care whether grandpappy routed a regiment of Yankees at Hell-for-Retreat creek, or hid out in the woods at Hot Coffee until the war was over. They want what the North has and they have never had: money. Call this ambition sterile; say that it marks the rise of another race of Babbitts; say what you will. It is the fact and since it means conforming to the national pattern, everybody ought to be pleased. But this doesn't please the North. It deplores the South's departure from its role of being poor but picturesque. It doesn't like to see disturbed that equitable division by which the South had the charm and the singing Negroes, while the North had the money and the power. Southerners, however, seem determined to eat sardine-fish any old time they please without waiting for cotton money in October.

Agricultural changes are prodigious. A great dairy industry—to the distress of the Middle West—is arising; packing houses now operate in Memphis and Montgomery where none operated before; and cotton, under the stress of dire conditions, is no longer looked upon as the staff of life. The ancient live-at-home preachments are taking effect over large areas; thirteen thousand tenant farmers, sharecroppers, and small farmers enrolled last year in the plant-to-prosper contest of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. Nor is this all. Cotton farmers, through the National Cotton Council, assess themselves five cents a bale for funds to be used in chemical research to seek out new uses for cotton.

On many fronts then, and in many ways, the South is changing. But in one respect—and this may be important for the nation—it does not change. Now, as in 1861, when 6,000,000 Southerners challenged 20,000,000 Northerners, the South is still made up of fighting people. Of all sections of the country it is readiest to fight Hitler, readiest to risk war to save Britain.

In a world moving apparently toward a drab uniformity, it is to be hoped that some differences between peoples will survive on this continent, even if their survival is nurtured by the hot sun, corn whiskey, and Confederate Colonels.

Mr. Cash's undertaking has been one of great courage. His book merits wide reading and is a notable contribution to the steadily growing literature of the subject.

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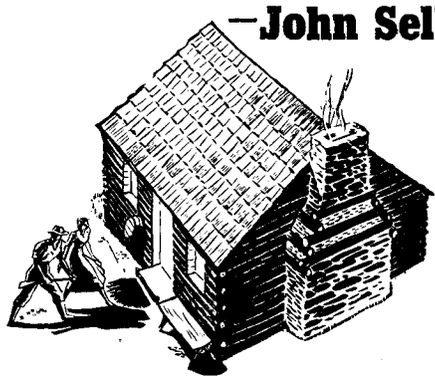

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Eastern Odyssey

MONGOL JOURNEYS. By Owen Lattimore. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 324 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THERE can be no doubt that Owen Lattimore has written several of the best books of Asiatic travel and ethnic exploration in our time; his "Desert Road to Turkestan" is a classic of constructive adventure, and "High Tartary" reduces Peter Fleming, by contrast, nearly to Halliburton stature. Better than Sven Hedin, I believe, he can make both vivid and comprehensive the customs, folklore, and aspirations of the Mongol nomads. There is a greater modesty in him, an equally cautious learning, and a warmer use of words. Because, like Hedin, he has lived for many years in Asia and speaks Mongol and Chinese fluently, because his sympathy for the people is unaffected, he has been able to travel where few white men or none have been before.

"This book," he writes, "is partly a record of a vanishing way of life, partly a footnote on the processes of decay and destruction, partly a glimpse of that which is coming to pass." Here he tells of seeing and photographing the coffin which reputedly contains the bones of Ghenghis Khan, and of paying reverence, in that hidden desert sanctuary, to the Sacred Bows and Quivers of the great warrior. He visited monasteries inaccessible to travelers of less intelligent humility, and attended the Obo Festivals, the sacrifices and the games, over which the exiled Panch'an Lama of Tibet presided. Journeying with a single companion, the subtle native Arash, he went through the bandit lands, discovered the remains of a great ancient city, learned Mongol

Bachrach

Owen Lattimore

methods of stock breeding and the arcana of religion and geomancy. Dung became precious to him, as he lived in the native manner; rancid butter and crude millet were savory with his meals.

Holding hands with inferior lamas in the gentle Mongol way, he listened to legends whose origin was a thousand years ago, and these he makes as vital as good modern fiction. Equally curious are his contemporary tales, of the Mongol girl, for instance, who was taken in settlement of a doctor's bill, or of the gazelles which supposedly ate human flesh. But his primary interest is in the ultimate Mongolia, for he saw intimately the problems—Japanese, Chinese, Russian—which the country must solve before it attains the independence he envisions not too distantly in the future. There is less of travel in this book than in his others, but more sound reflection, humorously and gracefully recorded. It must not be overlooked by the broader student of Asiatic affairs.

Hassoldt Davis is the author of "Land of the Eye," a narrative of the Denis-Roosevelt expedition.

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Author, Author!

NATHAN SCHACHNER ("By the Dim Lamps") began writing adventure stories in 1930 when he bet a friend that he could turn out a tale as good as those in adventure magazines. He did a story in a spare moment and it was accepted. So were three more. But then he began getting rejections, which made him mad. He went at adventure fiction in earnest and has published something like 350 short stories and novels. Writing is his fourth profession. Mr. Schachner started out as a chemist for the New York Board of Health, testing food and milk. During the first World War he shifted to poison gas, in the Flame and Gas Division of the Chemical Warfare Service. Somehow, perhaps in the offhand manner in which he started to write, he began to study law and was admitted to the Bar in 1919. History was another passion and he published "Mediaeval Universities" and a biography of Aaron Burr. "By the Dim Lamps," his first serious novel, is about old New Orleans. Mr. Schachner arrived in the city to start his research on the opening morning of Mardi Gras. At the Association of Commerce a harassed young lady trying to solve the problem of room for tourists pointed out: "You'll have to wait your turn—rates $10 a day." Mr. Schachner protested, "But I've come to New Orleans to write a book about your city, and I can't pay $10 a day." Three girls grabbed phones and found the author a good place at reasonable rates.

Gwen Bristow ("This Side of Glory") used to get stiff shoulders from pounding away at her novels on the typewriter, seven or eight hours at a stretch. She has solved part of the problem by acquiring an electric typewriter, which is operated by a very light touch, much like a linotype machine. Different from many people with newspaper background, Miss Bristow is an expert typist. But she doesn't like to have other people fiddle with her machine. As soon as she gets back to Beverly Hills from a brief visit to New York, Miss Bristow expects to get ahead, on the new electric typewriter, with her novel of modern life in California.

Rumor has it that *Benny Goodman,* who described his career as the most famous swing musician in the country in "The Kingdom of Swing," will soon be married to the sister of *John Henry Hammond, Jr.,* author of many articles on swing and discoverer of many popular swing musicians. Friends will not confirm the rumor; but they don't deny it, either.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH EDITORS

(*Continued from page 4*)

submit the revised MS to you with a note: "I hope the changes appeal to you. If not, please do not hesitate to call me and I'll take another crack at it." You accept the revised article; it contains my own ideas in my own words; I am happy.

Two months before the article is to be published, I ask for proofs. One month before publication when the magazine is closing, you finally call me into your office late one afternoon, give me page proofs, tell me that the proofs must go to the printer that night. No changes can be made beyond adding a few words here and subtracting a few there at the cost of close calculation of characters. When I have read the proofs, you say, "I wanted to see whether there was anything that would make you rise out of your chair." I tell you, "It's an interesting article but I don't recognize most of it."

You have rewritten my MS "to make it conform to the style of our magazine." Editorial thumbs have been stuck in the nostrils of my brain child; it is beyond resuscitation. Words and phrases, worn smooth as politician's patter from long use, have been substituted for fresh expression; a standard brand of sentiment has suffocated the original fizzy touch. My article now reads like a school-girl composition on my-summer-vacation-and-what-I-saw-there. "We think we know best," you say, "the style which our readers enjoy." Then, blandly, "We only bought your article for your ideas."

Now an author's ideas are a part of his stock in trade; but so also is his style. I legitimately assumed that acceptance of and payment for the revised MS implied satisfaction with both style and substance of the article which would appear as I wrote it, barring only changes thereafter mutually agreed upon.

Whatever your legal right as editor may be, I do not believe that under ethical standards the purchase of a MS carries with it the privilege to more than edit the MS to meet space limitations. Even then you should take care to submit proofs of the edited MS in *galley* form and in sufficient time before publication to allow the writer to make what may seem to him pertinent suggestions. When, for example, you, this time as editor of a business publication, write that you would like to re-arrange portions of an article of mine and add, "Naturally, we will send you a copy of the revised MS before publication," I consider your changes reasonable; I approve them all the more readily because you recognize the fact that there are two parties whose interests and reputations are tied up with the publication of any piece of writing: the publisher and the author.

You as editor should give me, the writer, the opportunity not only to keep my self-respect, but also to approve or disapprove what after all is going out into the world under my name. It is not enough to say that writers are an impossible bunch of prima donnas who will haggle over "which" as against "that." I may have my own ideas as to what may make my name an asset to me.

Faced with the choice of having "my" article published anonymously and thereby losing virtually all benefit of long hours at hard labor, or allowing the questionable product to appear under my name, I did what almost every victim of this type of editorial squeeze-play will do who has not arrived at the point where he can afford to be independent.

If the habit of some editors of reshaping all material to a common mold were carried to its logical conclusion, all magazines would be staff-written, their contents as monotonous as radio commercials. It is variety of style as well as subject matter which make reading a pleasure. You, as editor, may in the long run prove unwise to fail to respect the natural interest the writer has in presenting his own ideas in his own words. If he hasn't this interest, he is a hack whose work is highly valued neither by editors, nor by his fellow-writers—nor by the public.

And now one final point: your English! Certainly no writer has been so long in the trade as to become accustomed to your smug editorialese, your quaint patter about MS which "don't quite make," "don't make a place for

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PATRICK WHITE

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

When *Happy Valley* was published last year, the literary world was quick to recognize a new and original talent. There was excited talk of great promise; there were comparisons with Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Proust, and Joyce.

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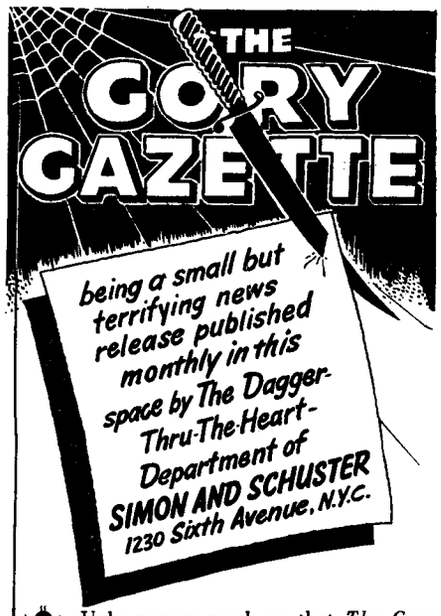
themselves," "don't hit quite hard enough to make," or "don't ring the bell." He still gags to be told either that his material has "strong possibilities" or that "we don't think the subject matter is available to us." The hardiest wince at notes beginning, "Do know how much we appreciate your letter of the 11th?"

If the Golden Rule and the hope of a happy hereafter don't enter into your dealings with writers, perhaps business judgment should. True, we writers shall never be "organized;" there are too many of us, each intent upon achieving his place in print; you are free to impose unfair methods upon writers so long as any will submit to them. If you invite a writer to undertake assignments in which you have only a tentative interest and then deny him all coöperation . . . if you withhold decisions until his MS turn cold . . . if you make him carry you financially by paying on publication . . . if you blow hot and cold toward him in turns . . . if you materially alter style or substance of his work without consent, the writer can only curse and take it. Editor and author stand in a buyer-seller relationship, and you may insist that because the editor has the power to be arbitrary and inconsiderate, he has also the right. On the other hand, it is virtually an axiom in business that it is not the most difficult client who gets the best service. Perhaps some of you editors are missing a bet.

After all, yours is a business.


THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Ugly rumors reach us that *The Gory Gazette* is diehard, conservative, too stiff-necked to lure readers with special features like the latest in poison recipes or million dollar contests for clue collectors.

Any loose talk about a million dollars makes us shudder. But when loyal readers ask plaintively why, since we spend most of our time talking about Inner Sanctum Mysteries, don't we get a little mysterious—we must yield to Our Public.

Here, then, is a mysterious little quiz. If you get a perfect score, without cheating, we suggest that you immediately make application for an executive job with the F.B.I. What happens after that is certainly none of our business.

1. If you were a Lieutenant of Homicide investigating a competent ax murder—would you suspect (a) the victim's divorced husband . . . (b) her business manager . . . (c) any convenient woodman?

See THE BLUE GERANIUM—*Page 23*

2. If you saw a woman staggering back to her hotel after midnight, with a discolored eye and a blue geranium clutched in her hand—would you deduce she was (a) drunk . . . (b) a passionate gardener . . . (c) a sorority pledgee . . . (d) a Baudelaire-conditioned damsel?

See THE BLUE GERANIUM—*Page 73*

3. If you found an ax, blue geranium petals and a girl under your bed—would you (a) call the police . . . (b) swear off drinking . . . (c) open an auction?

See THE BLUE GERANIUM—*Page 218*

If you like this game you can find a thousand more questions—and *all* the answers in the Inner Sanctum Mystery just published:

THE BLUE GERANIUM
by Dolan Birkley ($2)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 360)

CHARNWOOD
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I do not mean by hero-worship any disposition to shape one's own life in any spirit of discipleship to him (Roosevelt). Great men are only worthily honored if the honor we pay them provokes us, the weakest or stupidest, to stand resolutely erect.

TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

YOUNG QUERCUS gratefully acknowledges that he now has a collection of valentines to rival those of Alice Van Leer Carrick. The editors, unsentimental souls, refuse him space to reprint more than the verse of one hand-painted, be-laced, and ribboned card:

Poor Quercus Fils, his days are hell.
His sentiments grace the *S.R.L.*,
He was weaned and raised on Pierian wine
But he never received a Valentine.

Poor Quercus Secundus (or is it Tertius?)
His heart is kind, his ways are courteous
Yet the postman brings no painted bird,
No flower, nor lace, nor dulcet word,
No verses romantic nor witty nor psalmic
(He never had even a nasty comic.)

Good Valentine (Saint), Bless this beginning,
Quercus is sinned against, not sinning,
Of his mortal step be patron, and wary,
Bring him a sweet each February.

Accept this first, O Quercus younger,
From a jaded, inveterate Valentine monger.

★ ★

☞The solution of *The Adventure of the Dancing Men* book-blurb printed in last week's *Trade Winds* is—*Demand 221 B from your bookstore.* "221 B" is a collection of essays by distinguished Baker Street Irregulars on *The Sacred Writings of Sherlock Holmes.* (The Macmillan Company, $2.50.) ☞Paul M. Paine, of the Syracuse, N. Y. public library, has sent us

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MIDWAY TO MURDER *Margaret Tayler Yates* (Macmillan: $2.)	Sudden crop of deaths on Pacific isle too much for Davvie McLean who wangles way to scene and stops slaughter.	Grim, also gay, gallimaufry of poisoning, espionage, nocturnal venturing midst moaning birds and amusingly haphazard sleuthing by perceptive navy wife.	Satisfactory
SPEAK NO EVIL *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random House: $2.)	Drink-maddened millionaire, his ex-wife, and family retainer extinguished in or near Jamaica mansion. Insp. Friker takes over.	With triple murder, vanishing jewels, marital infelicities past and present, and constant emotional tempests, there's scarcely a dull moment.	Palpitating
ODDS ON THE HOT SEAT *Judson Philips* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Manhattan mobsters who extinguish rich Texan, punch-drunk pug, and machine tool mfgr. quelled by tubby gambler and daring assistant.	Although principal actors are slightly reminiscent, plot is handsomely tangled, story moves like greased lightning, and excitement is rife.	Hard-boiled headliner

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the 1941 Gold Star List. This guide to American fiction, from Cooper to Hemingway, has been published annually for twenty years. Six hundred stories are reviewed, and classified by subject. Price 35 cents. ☞Readers who wish to keep up their French may be interested to know that Brentano's bookshop, New York, is publishing a series of books in French. Count Rene de Chambrun's *De Lorraine à Washington* is ready. Other authors to be published later: Jacques Deval, Louis Verneuil, and Maurice Dekobra.

★ ★

☞Brigid Knight takes the title of her new South African novel, *Walking the Whirlwind,* from a poem by Anna Wickham. We print it here because it is the plaint of tired husbands the world over:

I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and dream,
But my wife is on the hillside,
Wild as a hill-stream.
I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and think;
But my wife is walking the whirlwind
Through night as black as ink.
O give me a woman of my race
As well controlled as I,
And let us sit by the fire,
Patient till we die.

Walking the Whirlwind will be published April 7th. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

★ ★

☞The Readers' Association of the New York Public Library produced some figures in support of its plea for adequate library funds. Out of the welter: there are 1199 reserve calls for *Native Son;* copies available, 294. *Trelawny* has 285 reserves but only 63 available copies. The Fordham Branch has had so many reserves for *For Whom the Bell Tolls* that it has quit cold and has stopped taking them. A reader who filed a request on April 27, 1940 for *The Nazarene,* is still waiting for it. The obvious tragedy in the situation is not that readers must wait so long for good books, but that so many people may become altogether discouraged.

★ ★

☞*The World Over in 1940,* a correlative and chronological record of 1940's events will be published February 25th. Leon Bryce Bloch and Lamar Middleton are the editors who directed a staff of American and foreign correspondents. (Living Age, $4.).

★ ★

☞*The New Republic* offers a summer job to the college undergraduate who wins first prize in the magazine's annual essay contest. Contestants are asked to write an article of 2,000 words or more on a current topic—political, economic, social, or literary. The prize-winner will receive a salary of $25 for ten weeks. Second prize is $50. Three other prizes of $10 each will be awarded. Each manuscript must be signed with a pseudonym. The contest closes March 14.

★ ★

☞F.P.A., of *Information Please* and *The New York Post* Conning Tower, quoted by Little, Brown & Company:

"Thou, for whom a good tale starvest
Read James Hilton's *Random Harvest.*"

★ ★

☞Eva LeGallienne, during a lecture tour just ended, has been reading a poem by her father, Richard LeGallienne, written and published in 1903, called *The Cry of the Little Peoples,* which is strangely prophetic of the fate of the smaller European nations today. This poem has been out of print many years but Miss LeGallienne has arranged for it to be issued as a booklet, for which she has written a note of introduction, to be sold for the benefit of the Eagle Club of London, which takes care of the American Volunteers over there, and the British War Relief Society, Incorporated, of New York.

☞Richard Ellis has designed the format of the booklet, which may be obtained, price fifty cents, from the Sixty-fifth Street Bookshop, 866 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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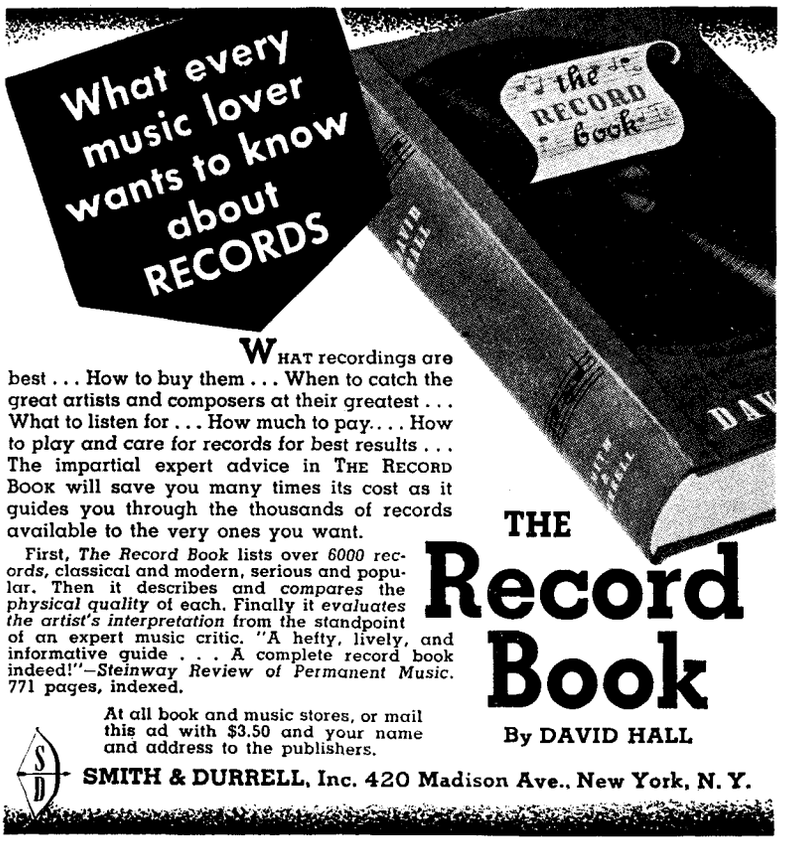

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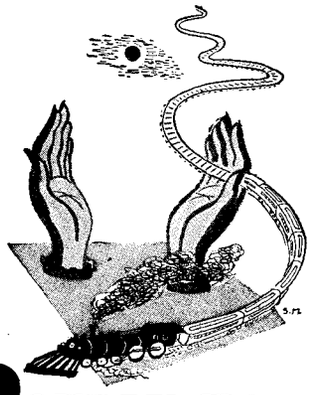

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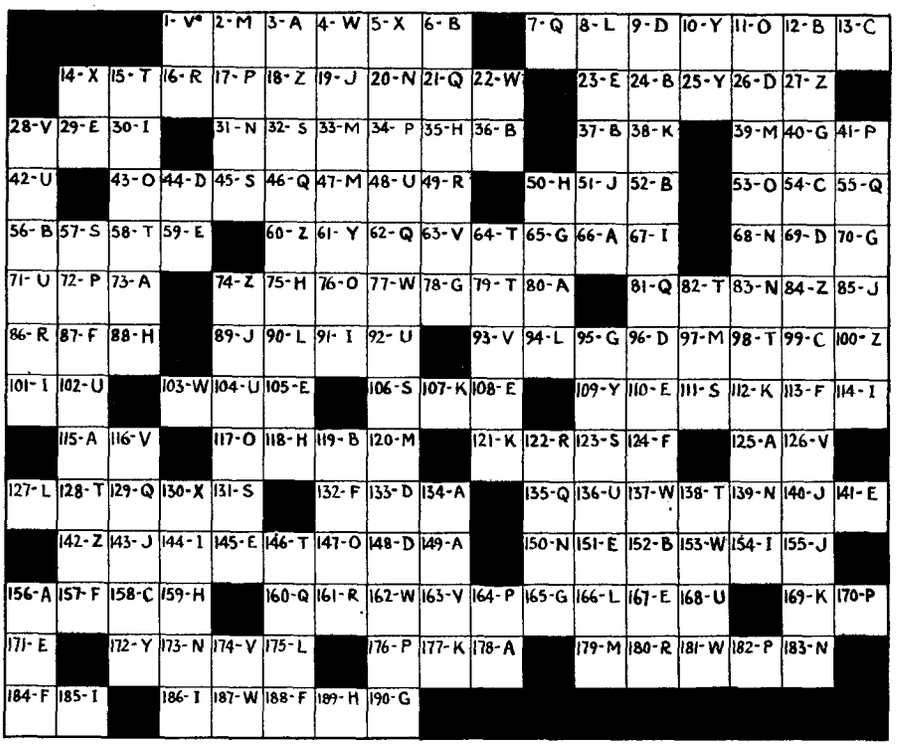
GENERAL

"HAVE YOU A COMPLEX?" may be your question—it is also the title of an informative article in the current Wynn's Astrology.

Double-Crostics: No. 361

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Situation of agreeable ease (3 wds.)

B. Trifling; play (noun).

C. Hence (Latin).

D. Author of poems *Silex Scintillans.*

E. Remnants, scraps (3 wds.)

F. American woman poet (1894-).

G. Shakespearean tragedy hero.

H. High priest's servant whose ear Peter cut off (Bib.)

I. Original pattern or model of a work.

J. Common species of blackbird.

K. Hawaiian master of ceremonial lore.

L. Repeatedly.

M. Lacking; beyond.

N. Award in token of triumph or superiority.

O. Left complete.

P. Cloud, obscure (vb.)

Q. Exasperated, annoyed.

R. American woman novelist (1880-).

S. Utopian novel by Samuel Butler.

T. Followers of Garibaldi (1859-67).

U. Any hoofed quadruped.

V. Train (in nursery language; comp.)

W. Entrance; outset.

X. Distinctive doctrine.

Y. Of yore (poetic).

Z. One meanly close or covetous.

WORDS

3 178 73 125 156 66 115 149 134 80

52 119 56 24 37 152 12 6 36

99 54 13 158

96 9 44 148 133 69 26

29 145 171 141 23 110 105 151 167 108 59

132 188 87 113 184 157 124

78 65 40 190 70 165 95

159 50 35 189 118 75 88

144 30 101 114 154 185 67 186 91

140 143 155 89 85 51 19

121 169 177 112 38 107

175 90 94 166 127 8

179 97 39 33 47 2 120

31 68 150 139 20 83 183 173

11 147 76 53 43 117

170 17 164 34 182 41 176 72

46 7 81 129 160 135 55 21 62

86 180 161 16 122 49

57 45 131 32 106 111 123

128 82 98 58 138 146 79 15 64

48 92 168 136 71 104 42 102

1 163 116 28 93 63 126 174

137 103 181 187 153 77 162 4 22

5 14 130

25 172 10 109 61

100 60 18 27 74 142 84

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Carl VAN DOREN

has agreed to serve as Chairman of the Committee. Mr. Van Doren wrote the best-selling biography of *Benjamin Franklin* three years ago. He is also editor of the famous *Cambridge History of American Literature*.

Alexander WOOLLCOTT

famous as America's Town Crier, author *While Rome Burns*. He frequently has cal your attention to good books. *Lost Horizon*, one example, was dozing on its publish shelves until Mr. Woollcott told you about

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